

THE CAMOSUN

VOL. I

JUNE, 1908

No. 8

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The Camosun

Published by the Students of Victoria College

VOL. I.

VICTORIA, B. C., JUNE, 1908

No. 8

FROM AN ALUMNA.

We did not feel the perfect happiness
Of that swift, halcyon time. We could not guess
That after they were over, we would call
Our High-School days the happiest of all.
We were just out of childhood's credulous age.
Wit was awakened in us; and the page
Of life seemed wide and singularly bare
That we might write our glowing record there.
Care-free we were, and careless, and we laughed
More often than we sighed. And many a shaft
Of wit we aimed at one another, turned
In youth's unthoughtful forges. Yet we learned
By some unconscious process while we played;
And sure and upward were the steps we made.
Only the graver few of us could find
Our lessons very serious. Some inclined
To books in corners, and bent earnest eyes
On our wild mirthfulness and mimicries.

But vigilant teachers watched and helped our way,
And taught us surer wisdom, day by day.
And as each year brought round the time of test
We rode the lists and galloped with the rest.
We learned the wisdom of the ancients, walked
In the bright, tortuous paths of science, talked
With young irreverence with the mighty great
Of all time's history, earth's First Estate.
And through it all our teachers bore with us
In patience little short of marvellous,
Helped us and taught us, oped to us a store
Of wealth that made life wider than before,
Showed us new paths and graver happiness
Woke in our hardness softer sympathies.

And tenderly and gladly we recall
Him who was chief and master of us all

We were his loyal subjects. He endeared
Himself to us a hundred ways. We feared
His thundrous summer storms of anger, rare
And just. The boldest did not dare
To scoff at his authority. We loved
His full and frequent laughter, for it moved
Our own by its infectious, fresh delight.
And often has he led our thoughts aright
By some quick jest. As each successive year
Brought us to his own *penetralia* near,
Our friend, companion, leader he became
Until I think we loved his very name.
With him we knew Aeneas on the seas,
And sat with Horace under Sabine trees.
And always he enriched our lesson times
With anecdotes and tales of other climes.
And free and gladly he for us outpoured
The treasures in his mind so richly stored.
So when time came to go, our chief regret
Was leaving him we never could forget.

And swiftly years went on 'till we must go
Out where life's wider, wilder breezes blow.
And most of us went gladly, fain to try
Our course alone beneath a freer sky.
Not guessing quite how soon our memory
Would linger on those days' felicity,
Make it a sweet remembered haven when
From storm and shouting we would rest again
Now all the old and mirth-encircled places
Are filled with new and careless younger faces,
Young minds, as eager as ours were to fill
Their arc in time's great circle. They too thrill
With our same hopes and fresh emotion, learn
The very things we learned. And turn by turn
They pass to life. They too, as years befall,
With unexpected tenderness shall call
Their High School days the happiest of all.

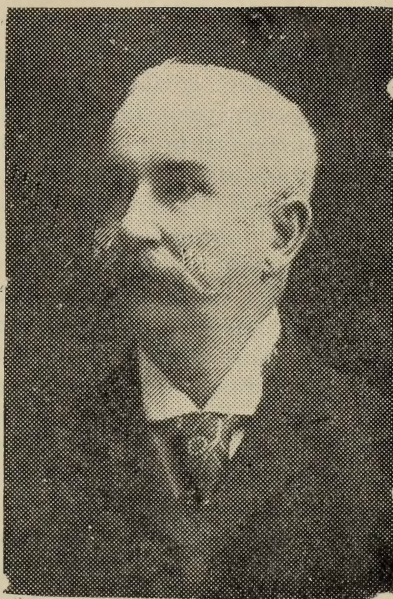
— Lilian M. Mowat.

LIFE SKETCH.

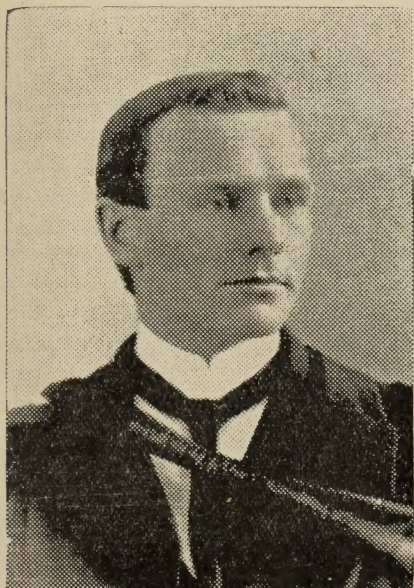
PRINCIPAL EDWARD B.
PAUL, M.A.

As the writer has been associated with Principal Paul for fifteen of the sixteen years of his principalship of Victoria High School and has therefore had opportunities of knowing him perhaps more intimately than most, it seems fitting that he should contribute, at the close of such association, a few impressions formed of the man and his work.

Mr. Paul was born in Scotland of pious parentage, his father being an eminent Presbyterian clergyman, a doctor of



E. B. PAUL, M.A.
—Courtesy of The Times.



S. J. WILLIS, B.A.
—Courtesy of The Times.

divinity, and a celebrated author of a number of books of theological reference. Dr. Paul also added to his clerical labours the management of a private school where boys in their teens went into training for admission into the Scottish universities. It was in the cultured atmosphere of such a home, heavy with the fragrance of mathematics and the humanities, that the son Edward began to build the foundations of an education the breadth and depth and richness of which are recognized by all who truly know him.

From the paternal academy the youth graduated into the University of Aberdeen, where he spent four years in undergraduate study, gaining easily

won honours in studies that he liked and making a respectable pass in all. With the final year in Arts he combined the first year in Medicine and subsequently continued his medical studies in the expectation of finishing the course and entering the profession. But his medical career was checked by the loss by his father of a long drawn-out lawsuit in the interests of his parish, the financial burden of which fell inequitably upon the minister. Dr. Paul did not wish to deprive his son of the education for a profession that was so congenial to him, but Edward thought it better that he should look about for other means of livelihood. A few years of pedagogical service as a private tutor followed till, attracted to the consular service, he went, under appointment of the British Government, to Japan in that connection. There he spent a number of years, say ten, fulfilling the routine duties connected with the legation. But it was an excellent post-graduate training, for without any loss to his native urbanity and courteousness of manner he developed habits of carefulness and precision of great diplomatic value and which have no doubt served him well in his subsequent capacity as a High School principal.

After years of service in the consulate, following his guiding star, he migrated to our shores, where he resumed his interrupted pedagogical career, joining himself to the teaching staff of this young and rapidly growing province where he has since served almost continuously. Sixteen years ago he was called to the principalship of Victoria High School and during those sixteen years he has witnessed many interesting stages in the evolution of this school. When he assumed office he found a school of three divisions with as many teachers, himself included, the school being accommodated (no irony intended) in a set of four dingy rooms sandwiched between the boys' and girls' Central school buildings. He has witnessed the gradual expansion of his school till now it has a teaching staff of thirteen and is taxing to the utmost the capacity of the present large and commodious building which is its home.

When Mr. Paul came, there was no attempt at specialization on the part of the teachers. Each teacher took charge of a grade and taught all the subjects of that grade, and they were not few. He was obliged to prepare and teach from ten to fifteen subjects daily, all of which he was compelled to crowd into the time limit without much regard to congruity or thoroughness. Now the number of subjects covered by each grade is greatly reduced and, each teacher being a specialist, the work is accomplished more efficiently, no doubt, and with vastly greater comfort and satisfaction to teacher and pupils.

When Mr. Paul came the school had almost nothing of the nature of equipment and scarcely a reference book was to be found. Now it is possessed of a very liberal supply of apparatus and material for

illustrative work and hundreds of books are upon its library shelves.

During these sixteen years Principal Paul has been able to note a gradual but very decided change in public sentiment towards the High School. The school has steadily risen in popular esteem, and a greatly increased proportion of the pupils graduating from the common schools and private schools of the city than formerly now avail themselves of its privileges, while yearly increasing numbers from other parts of the Province come seeking admission.

It affords me extreme pleasure after these fifteen years of association with Principal Paul, to bear hearty testimony to the exceedingly cordial relations that have always existed between himself and the other members of the High School teaching staff.. His acute sense of fairness and the uniform courtesy with which he has ever treated his associates have almost entirely prevented the occurrence of friction of any kind. Today he stands highly esteemed by his fellow teachers and beloved and respected by his pupils of these and former days, and as he passes from his position as principal to the more important one to which he has been called, all will unite in cordially wishing him the utmost measure of success and satisfaction in his new sphere of labour.

ALBERT J. PINEO.

SOCIAL LIFE AT "OLD MCGILL."

FREDERIC G. C. WOOD.

The social aspect of college life is a very important feature and is one which should justly receive as much of the student's attention as the purely intellectual side. Some make the sad mistake of thinking that the time spent at college should be devoted to the course of study and to that alone. These miss the intercourse with their fellows and the broadening effect of meeting and exchanging ideas with other undergrads. They develop into prosy, self-centred book-worms, termed in college slang "pluggers," and finally graduate as narrow, uninteresting beings, with few or no pleasant recollections of university life, other than those derived from a perpetual grind.

At McGill the principal social events are connected with the winter sports. To a student from Victoria whose only conception of snow is that of two or three slight falls in a season, and of ice, as something seen at periods of three years or so, the amusements afforded by an Eastern winter are a special boon. Of these skating holds chief sway. Once King Winter has firmly established himself for his long uninterrupted reign of almost six months' duration, and Boreas with his chill blast sweeps over the snow-covered city, the season opens. McGill students are fortunate in possessing an open air rink of their

own. This is constructed at one end of the campus by banking up a space of about one hundred yards by fifty, and then flooding it. Within three hours a beautiful smooth sheet of ice is formed and by a weekly renewal of water, it is kept in good condition.

Although in use continually throughout the day by the hockey teams of the various faculties, it is between four and six in the afternoon that the rink is most popular. Lectures being over, the weary student turns his back on class-room and professor, and for two hours indulges in one of the finest forms of physical exercise. The scene is especially enlivened by the presence of the young ladies from the Royal Victoria College. As each reaches the ice she is besieged by an eager crowd of clamoring youths and is soon whirling around on the arm of the favored one, whilst the remainder are left frowning disconsolately.

At intervals during the college term the McGill Y.M.C.A. give skating parties which are always largely attended. Several hundred brightly attired couples gliding over the glistening ice to the tune of the Merry Widow waltz played on the hand-organ of the hurdy-gurdy man present a very striking spectacle. At the conclusion of the skating a reception is held in Strathcona Hall, the home of the Y.M.C.A., situated directly opposite the Sherbrooke St. gate. Several of the professors' wives act as chaperons together with the staff of the R.V.C. These events are always considered as being among the most enjoyable and successful festivities of the session.

An equally pleasing sport and one even more spectacular is that of snow-shoeing. This offers an inducement to the Westerner in the fact that if one is at all nimble he can learn to snowshoe in a half an hour or less, whilst to become a good skater requires practically the whole season. The scene of the evening's pleasure is always Mount Royal, of Jacques Cartier fame, at the rear of the city. In summer the mountain is the Montrealer's one solace and comfort; in the fall it is one mass of beautifully tinted autumn leaves; but in the winter, shorn of all its beauty, it would rest in peace if not for the advent of the snow-shoe parties.

The ladies wear sweaters of red, white or blue design, toques of the same hue perched jauntily upon their heads, broad woolen sashes and gloves to match, and even their snow-shoes are in accordance with the general colour scheme, so that from the toes of their dainty mocasins to the bobbing tassels of their toques, they are visions of loveliness. The costume of the men is hardly so pleasing to the eye, consisting of football sweaters more or less bespattered, heavy knickerbockers, and long hose. After filling out one's programme as at a dance the start is made with partner number one. The tramp usually lasts two hours, spent in wandering hand in hand, a la babes in the wood, over the snow-clad sides of the mountain. At various points a

halt is called, and by means of the flickering light of the torches the new partners are found for the next stage of the tramp and then all is in motion once more. College songs with the pleasing accompaniment of tin horns and cowbells add to the evening's enjoyment. In the lulls between these musical treats the Victorian has an opportunity of dispelling some slightly erroneous ideas concerning his birthplace, which most eastern young ladies seem to possess in common. His companion is usually quite disappointed to learn that her conception of Victoria as a collection of shanties thronged with Japs, Chinese and Hindus, with a few fairly respectable white people scattered here and there, is not entirely true; and that the small Indian boys do not all amuse themselves by riding up the Fraser upon the backs of sockeye salmon.

Occasionally an incline of thirty feet or more is met with and this affords a splendid opportunity for a slide. Squatting upon the snowshoes the descent is quickly made, but few are they who reach the bottom without a mishap. The coaster is apt in enjoying the thrilling sensation to become forgetful of keeping his shoes sufficiently far apart with the consequence that they become entangled and he is sent headlong into the adjoining snow-drift.

At the end of the tramp the party returns to the home of the hostess for the evening. Seated before a blazing fireplace, full justice is done to the steaming plates of pork and beans which are the conventional dish at an occasion of this kind. Other dainties follow terminating with ice cream. Dancing in moccasins is next in order and with this is brought to a close one of the most delightful modes of entertainment at McGill.

Tobogganing and Ski-ing also have their devotees among college men, but are not widely indulged in. The college dances are brilliant functions and are always well patronized. In addition to these, there is also the usual succession of class dinners and smokers which have a reputation for jollity rather difficult to surpass.

To one who has enjoyed a round of such pleasures and amusements, the end of the college term is reached, with sincere regret. Although his standing in the exams, may not be as high as that of the inveterate "plugger," his college year has brought more to him than to his over-studious classmate and he can join with greater fervor and understanding in shouting:—

M-c-G-I-L-L. What's the matter with old McGill?

She's all right, oh yes, you bet!!!

McGill, McGill, McGill;

Rah, Rah, Rah;

Rah, Rah, Rah;

Rah, Rah, Rah; McGill.

PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

Visitors to the Motherland should not omit a visit to Portsmouth from the itinerary. I had the privilege of spending a few weeks there four years ago and I found it one of the most interesting places I had ever been in. For the benefit of "Camosun" readers I will try to describe some of the things I saw there.

The chief interest of the tourist in the place attaches to the Naval and Military surroundings. Portsmouth is one of the headquarters of the Channel Fleet, which at the time of my visit was commanded by Sir Charles Beresford in his flagship "Caesar." There is also a large garrison. Portsmouth is the most completely fortified town in Britain, and probably also in the world, excepting Gibraltar. Primarily it is situated on an island, and every possible path which invaders might take either from the sea to the south or the land to the north, is closely guarded. To seaward huge forts built out into the water guard the entrance to the harbour; and further, across the narrow harbour-entrance are immense chain-cables which in time of peace lie along the bottom, but when an attack is threatened could quickly be raised to a height which would hamper hostile ships attempting to gain entrance. The forts are peculiar looking structures. They are round and rise some forty feet above the water, and are painted in a black and white checker-board design. The object of this is to confuse the aim of the enemy's gunners when attempting to strike some vulnerable spot such as a gun-port or other entrance. At a distance such a point covered by a black square would be indistinguishable from the others. In the harbour there rides at anchor a ship with the name of which, at least, every student of English history feels familiar. It is the famous old "Victory." The ship can be visited at almost any hour of the day, and boatmen are always easily found to row one out to her. The visitor is met at the gangway by a marine whose business it is to show people over the ship. The spot on the deck where the hero fell in action is marked by a brass plate, as is also the place where he lay on the lower deck as his life-blood ebbed away. On the quarter-deck stands the funeral barge in which Nelson's body was rowed ashore. A part of the ship has been portioned off as a museum, where many interesting relics are preserved, among them being many documents bearing Nelson's signature, and some of his portraits and personal belongings. On being rowed ashore and passing under the bow or stern, one remarks the sound appearance of the ship's timbers. They are of sturdy English oak, and have weathered the seas for one hundred and forty-three years.

If one is fortunate enough to gain entrance to the dockyard, as I was, one will receive lasting impressions of the mightiness of England's

navy. Along the jetties and in the the drydocks on every hand are all manner of craft, from the 18,000-ton battleship to the torpedo-boats and submarines. A sailor took me over the flagship "Caesar," from bridge to keel, and from poop-deck to fo'c'sle-head. On the bridge I saw the various apparatus for steering, communicating with the engine-rooms, and other means of navigation. Below the bridge was the armoured conning-tower where the navigating-officer and other officers and men on the bridge, conned the ship from in action. Forward of the conning-tower on the main deck was the forward turret, where the two eleven-inch wire-guns with which the first-class battleships were at that time armed were mounted. The whole turret, guns and all, was so mounted that with one man's hand on the wheel the whole mass of steel weighing many tons was easily moved, and swung round to any quarter. The great guns were sighted, loaded and fired, by different pieces of complicated and delicate mechanism. On the deck below I was shown the little cars which carried the shells by electricity from the magazine to the ammunition-hoist where they were hoisted again by electric power to the turret. Down below the water-line where all was cool and quiet but for the incessant hum of dynamos which can be heard all over the ship, was the torpedo-room, where the deadly Whit-heads waited to be discharged from the torpedo-tubes upon their errand of destruction. Amidships, where the armour is thickest, were the very vitals of the ships, the powerful engines which would drive her through the water at the speed of an ocean-liner. The whole ship was a wonder of mechanism, all the result of years of work by scientific brains and skilled hands.

To the south of Portsmouth is the Southsea Common, which is the scene of numerous military reviews, and which is a favorite playground for the children, who may be seen there from morning till night every day with their hoops, the boys engaging in cricket and football just as young Victorians display their prowess at Beacon Hill. Between the Common and the sea, is the long Esplanade, which extends for five miles along the water-front. Along between this walk and the sea are several fine bathing beaches, and handsome amusement piers. At one point on the Esplanade a monument marks the spot where Lord Nelson embarked in his boat to board the "Victory" before going to Trafalgar. The anchor used by the "Victory" through the great battle, rests on a stone column near by. At intervals along the Esplanade are mounted old pieces of ordinance such as became obsolete a century ago.

Other mementos of Nelson are in evidence in Portsmouth. The George Hotel bears a plate on the wall indicating that Lord Nelson spent his last night in England there.

I did not leave Portsmouth without visiting the house in which Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, was born. A brass plate

is fitted into the pavement in front of the house, with the inscription, "In this house Charles Dickens was born, 7th February, 1812." The interior of the house is converted into a museum containing interesting relics of the famous author.

I must not forget to mention Portchester Castle, an old Norman stronghold near Portsmouth. It has the characteristic features of the old castle of Feudal times: the high square tower, with walls eight or nine feet thick, and the moat and dungeons. It is one of the oldest castles in Britain, the first part having been built by Romans, with later additions by the Normans.

—D. E. H. CLEVELAND.

A PICNIC.

On Saturday, May the twenty-third, a most pleasant and adventurous picnic was held at the Gorge by the pupils of Division VII. The merry party, consisting of two teachers and thirty-two pupils, left the Point Ellice boat-house at ten a.m. in a very large row-boat. No mishap occurred till the Gorge bridge was reached. It was then found that a large scow had broken away from its moorings and lay across the rapids. After a great deal of discussion it was decided that everybody should disembark and pull the boat through the Gorge by means of the painter. The party then proceeded and after the boat had grounded five or six times, they reached the picnic grounds at a spot a little beyond the Four-Mile house.

After tea more games were played and a bonfire was lighted on the beach. Then someone suggested "going home." Of course everyone ran down to the shore to see the boat and it was found that the tide had receded far below the level of the boat.

So the remaining pupils, six boys excepted, and the two teachers began to walk to the Gorge, a distance of three miles. What a walk that was. Pitch dark, pouring rain, the only light a small lantern, torn skirts, wet boots, bruised legs; tumbling and climbing, laughing and crying, and at every step that was taken the guide and lantern-bearer said: "Courage, my children, only one hundred yards more to the road." When the road was reached the guide left and about a mile and a half was walked in the dark and rain, until the party came upon the car track.

The gallant youths who stayed with the boat reached the boat-house at eleven p.m. and were received with open arms by the boat-keeper who had despaired of ever seeing his boat again.

The Camosun

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EDITORIAL.

At the end of this term we will lose our esteemed Principal, E. B. Paul, M.A., as he has been appointed to the position of Superintendent of City Schools. We express the feeling of the whole school when we say that we are very sorry to lose him. During the many years he has been at the head of the school, it has made great progress; our scholars have taken high ranks again and again in competition with scholars from the whole Dominion. In the McGill Matriculation examinations we have had scholars ranking among the first, and our first year class has done well ever since it was organized. But it is especially pleasing that the second year class, just organized this year, the class to which Mr. Paul personally gave the most time, should do so well. In fact, taken as a whole, this has been a record year, a fitting ending to Mr. Paul's term as Principal.

But, aside from the way the school has prospered under his guardianship, he personally has made himself very popular with all the students. We all—and the old students join us in this—have the greatest respect and admiration for him, both as a teacher and principal and as a man. One of the reasons for his popularity has been the lively interest he has taken in the various branches of athletics. At our meetings he was always ready to give us the benefit of his experience, and by this helped us out of many difficulties. He has been at almost all the important matches to encourage the teams, a record which we fear not many of the other teachers can show. But we must be careful or we shall be getting into hot water, for it is not very safe even for the editor of the "Camosun" to make remarks about the faculty; so

we will drop that subject, although it is true that we would like to see more teachers attending the games. We are glad to say that it is mainly due to Mr. Paul's help that athletics have come to occupy the place they do in the school, and in the name of the athletic students, we wish to thank him for that help. We hope that he will still take an interest in our athletic contests, and that he will visit us often when we are having "doings" such as plays and concerts, and that he will come to see us also in our regular school life.

To succeed Mr. Paul the board of School Trustees have chosen S. J. Willis, B.A., who has for the last seven years had charge of the greater part of the classics of the school, and in this we think that they have made a very good choice. Mr. Willis has shown himself to be thoroughly familiar with his work, and, what is more important, knows how to impart his knowledge to the students. Like Mr. Paul, he has been a good supporter of the athletic part of the school, having been for the last two years treasurer of the Athletic Association. We think the school is very fortunate in finding such a worthy successor to Mr. Paul, and we shall expect it to keep up the record it has made under our present principal.

Still more reports from McGill, this time in Medicine. Hugh McMillan took first rank in second year Anatomy, while in first year class A. B. Walter took very high rank in the aggregate, with one first rank, in Anatomy. We offer to both our sincere congratulations.

We might remind the students to remember the "Camosun" during the holidays, and to come back prepared to write accounts of anything they may think would interest our readers.

We feel very grateful to the students for the support they gave to the first number of the paper, and we hope that they will give it just as good support next year.

We wish to thank Miss Mowatt for her poem, and Messrs. Pineo and Wood for their articles. We are sure that all three contributions will be appreciated by our readers.



THE RANCHVALE WOLF.

Peirrot rose from his bunk, crossed the floor of his hut and looked out of the one small window it possessed. It was a beautiful spring morning. The sun just appearing above the distant horizon threw a glare over the plain, and lighted up the hut. He turned slowly, drew on his buckskins, took down his musket and powder horn, stowed away a small bag of slugs in his pocket, picked up a spade leaning against the door, went quietly out, and struck off directly west across the prairie.

Peirrot was a worthless half-breed who had drifted into Ranchvale no one knew how, had taken possession of a small shack on the outskirts of the town and existed on what he made by hunting during the winter and the bounty he got for wolves in the spring.

It was one of these wolf-hunting expeditions that had taken him away so early on this morning. He had, some week or more before, discovered the den of a pair of wolves and was now going out to kill the old ones if he could, but chiefly to dig up the eight or ten young wolves that he knew would be at the bottom of the hole, for he would get five dollars' bounty for each of the whelps, the same as for the old wolves and in getting the young ones he always got forty or fifty dollars at a time.

After about half an hour's walking he came to the mound of earth thrown up by the wolves in digging their den and set to work to dig out whatever might be there. He had only dug a few feet into the earth when he heard something scrambling out of the hole. He jumped back and grasped his gun. It was as he expected. The head of the old wolf appeared above the earth. Though it only showed out of the hole for a few seconds it gave the half-breed the chance he wanted and he made good the opportunity by filling her head with shot. This was one

obstacle overcome, for he knew the old wolf would show fight and he was not anxious to get at close quarters with her. He set to work with renewed vigor, for he knew for sure now that there would be some young wolves at the bottom and had also made an extra five dollars. He soon came on the eight little yellow balls of fur that whined piteously as he took them in his hands. He took them out one by one, killed them by a blow on the back of the head with a stick and put them into a bag. The last, however, he held for a minute or two. It was the largest of the eight and he thought he might be able to sell it alive to some one in Ranchvale for something over the price he would get for the bounty, so he wrapped it up carefully, picked up the bag and spade, cut the ears off the old one, slung the gun over his shoulder and started back for the town.

When he arrived at his shack he proceeded to prepare some breakfast. Having finished this he went to show his wolves and get the bounty-money coming to him. On the way he dropped into the bar of the little hotel kept by Archie McMan, a pioneer of the village. In their talk he mentioned the fact that he had taken one of the wolves alive and as McMan had a little four-year-old son Tim, he made a bargain with the half-breed for it. Peirrot got his money, went back to his hut, got the young wolf and brought it to the hotel. They made a soft buckskin collar for him and chained him to a box in the yard. Thus commenced the captivity of the Ranchvale wolf.

Tim was delighted with his pet and fed it and watered it regularly and indeed spent a good deal of his time with it. Tim's father used to drink pretty heavily at times and when drunk he used to be rather violent and would beat Tim rather severely if he happened to provoke him while on one of his sprees. Tim, however, found a way of escape for when his father was going to thrash him he would run to the yard and dive into the box with the wolf, who was growing larger and stronger every day and promised to be something out of the ordinary for a prairie wolf. McMan dared not come near the box, for he did get within the radius of the chain once and went out minus a piece of his arm, Wolfie, as Tim called him, having helped himself. The men who gathered in the bar had regularly gone out and teased him, poking him with sticks and throwing small stones at him. The consequence was that the wolf got to hate men, especially the half-breed, who was his chief tormentor, a hate that burned into his wild nature and was never to be forgotten. Tim, however, could fondle him like a dog and the wolf would show no signs of anger and when being teased by the men he would immediately quiet down when Tim approached and stroked him. The wolf grew larger and larger. All that summer and all the following winter he was cared for with untiring regularity by Tim and saving him during that time from many a thrashing, some-

times one he deserved. On the latter occasions Tim stayed with his wild protector until the offence would be forgotten by his father.

There came a day, however, when the snow had again almost disappeared, that Tim did not come as usual to tend to his pet. He had taken a cold during the winter which he could not shake off. It had settled on his lungs and the doctor had said he could last only a few days longer. He weakened rapidly and died sooner even than the doctor anticipated and his little body was laid to rest in the small churchyard.

Wolfie felt the loss of his friend as much as anyone who had known him. He howled dismally and for some time refused to eat the food which was brought to him by McMan himself. He became uncontrollably savage.

One day a German came along with two Russian stag hounds. He had been using them for wolf-hunting on the plains and had wandered out as far as Ranchvale. He made the boast that his two dogs could catch and kill any wolf that they could get within half a mile of. It was proposed to take Wolfie out on the plain, give him half a mile start and turn the German's dogs loose to see how the chase would pan out. McMan would not agree to the proposal at first, for he thought of his little Tim lying stiff and cold and of how he would like it if he were alive. However, they at last overcame his dislike to the matter, by drinking freely and offering to pay him the price he paid for the wolf in the first place. So Wolfie was to be put up for sacrifice at two that afternoon.

All the men in the village turned out to see the chase. The German was very loud in the praise of his dogs. Wolfie was taken half a mile out on the plain and turned loose. The German at the same time let go his dogs who soon sighted the wolf and made for him at the top of their speed. The wolf stood still for a few seconds, then turned and loped easily away across the prairie, the lope turning to a fast gallop when he saw the dogs were after him. The lightest of the two dogs got there first, the other being some forty yards behind him. As the dog came up with the wolf the excitement among the watchers was intense. The German said: "Now vatch! Now vatch. You see the wolf go up in the air." This, however, did not take place. The wolf was seen to make a quick turn and it was the dog that went up in the air and when it fell it made no move to get up. The wolf now tore on at a greater speed, but the other dog soon caught him. Exactly the same performance took place as with the other dog, only this one got up again and started back, staggering every now and then. Horses were brought and the men struck out for the dogs. The German was as exceedingly wrathful now as he was jubilant before. The first dog had a gash from behind his ear half way across his neck and was

dead already from loss of blood. The other one fared the same way only his was a little lower down and he too died before they could get him in to the village. The German got out during the night and was never heard of in the village again.

Meanwhile the wolf galloped off miles across the plain. He was free to roam the prairie at will. This, however, he did not do, but put back again for the village. Whether it was for revenge or because he had lived so long in it that he knew no other home or not, we cannot tell, but back he went and took up his quarters in a small bush, near the village, the only one for miles around. He made nightly expeditions into the town all that summer. In the morning a dog would be missing and would be found by someone before the day was over with his throat torn. The wolf was occasionally seen and those who saw it said it was an enormous one, but no one seemed to ever dream that it was the same that had been chained up for a year in the town. One evening after there had been a slight fall of snow, Peirrot had been drinking heavily and had left the bar to go to his shack about eleven o'clock. He had not been gone more than a few minutes when those who were still in the saloon heard frightful yells. They tore out and down the street in the direction from which the sound came and found a man lying in the snow. They carried him into the hotel and discovered it was the half-breed Peirrot; his cheek and hands were torn and there were a few marks on his throat. He was bandaged by the doctor who was immediately sent for, and who said he would be all right again in a day or two. Early the next morning the party went to the scene of the tragedy and they discovered leading up to, and away from the place, the marks of a large wolf. This caused a panic throughout the village and for a while no one dared go out at night, but as no more was seen or heard of the animal the fear soon passed away. One night some two or three weeks after this, Peirrot, who had entirely recovered from his injuries, was starting out with provisions for an out of the way Hudson Bay post. He had been drinking rather heavily during the day and before going he went over to pay a parting visit to a young French Canadian girl whom he had been pestering with his attentions. This night he was in a surly mood and much the worse for liquor and when she shut the door in his face, it drove him wild with rage. He put his powerful shoulder to the door, burst the hinges and rushed in. Drawing his knife he struck her twice. Then the thought of what he had done seemed to dawn on him and he fled, terrified, back to his hut, hitched up his dog team and set off at a rapid pace, drinking another bottle of whisky before starting.

The next morning two dogs with pieces of harness on them came trotting into the village and later on two more came in, in the same

state. All the dogs were more or less cut. They were recognized as those with which Peirrot had set out. A search was at once organized and his trail followed. The party had not gone more than a mile and a half when they came on the now stiff body of the half-breed, his throat being terribly torn. Beside it was the dead body of an enormous wolf, a spear sticking in its side. Further on they found the sleigh and pieces of the dog harness. The party noticed on the road back that the sleigh track had been joined by the wolf track near the town. They also, on close examination, recognized that the wolf was the same that had outwitted the German. Thus Wolfie had evened the score with the half-breed, and had held the whole village in terror for a month.

On their return to Peirrot's hut they tracked him to the house of the murdered French girl and found his knife lying on the floor. It was, however, beyond their power to administer punishment. Peirrot had paid his penalty.

—SPORT.

SOCIETY NEWS.

On Friday the 22nd Miss Daisy Jones gave a farewell party to Miss Irene Adams, who is leaving Victoria in June.

The party was a surprise to all the guests, who had been asked with the understanding that they themselves were the only ones invited. So as each one came she got a fresh surprise and all turned upon the hostess with words expressive of reproach.

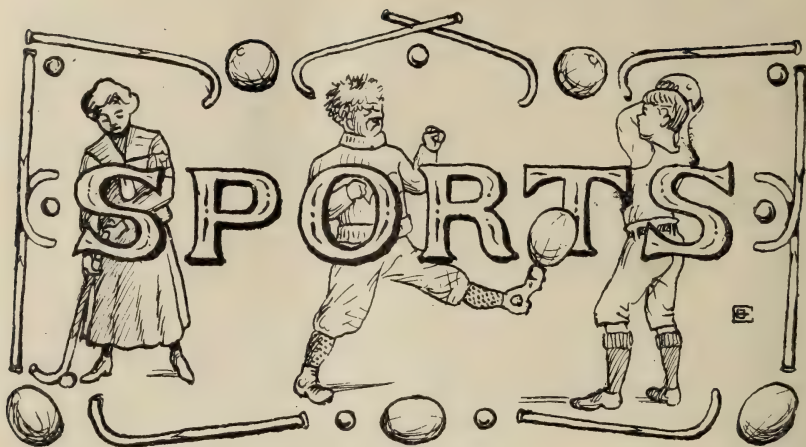
At supper time jokes circulated freely and at one time there was a general cry of fire which proved to have been caused by the entrance of a new dress (and of course the young lady who wore it).

After supper games were played that were enjoyed by all. When the darkness fell the whole party adjourned to the veranda to eat ice cream and while engaged in this enjoyable pastime a flash-light picture was taken of the group.

During the evening one young lady was very much distressed to observe that several of her companions had lost their own names and assumed other well known ones. "Hans" and "Fritz" were inseparable as usual, while "Katrina" and "Cousin Emile" also appeared, much to this young lady's amazement.

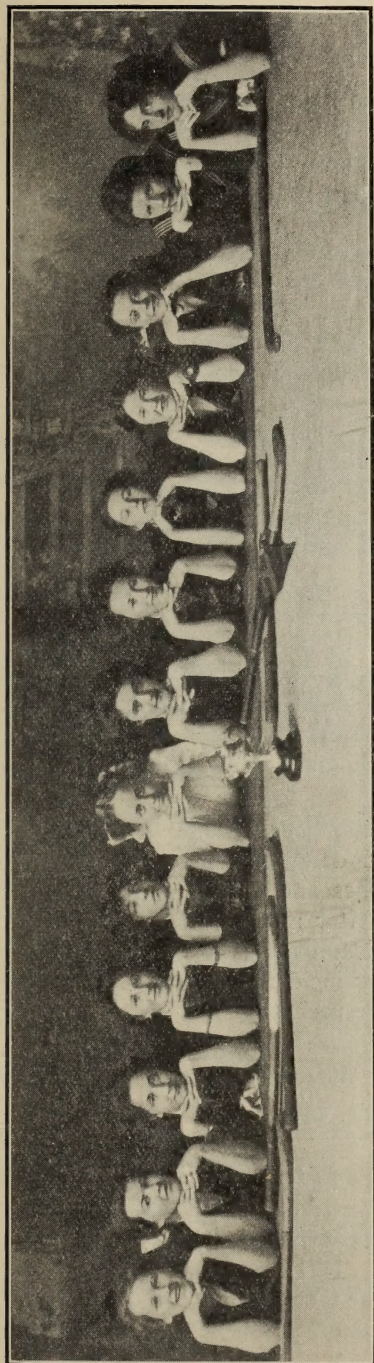
After this everyone went up to Beacon Hill to see the American fleet. Little could be seen, but the lights of the vessels which looked very pretty shining across the dark waters.

But the best of times come to an end, and so with this. On return from the Hill the party broke up, all voting it a most enjoyable evening.



Iji, itaki, ki yi yip,
 Victoria College, rip, rip, rip.
 Kana kena wa wa, kana, keeka, tah.
 Victoria College, rah! rah! rah!
 V-I-C-T-O-R-I-A Victoria!

The annual field meet of the V.P.S.A.A. was held on Tuesday, May 26, at the exhibition grounds and was as usual very successful. The weather was ideal and everything passed off smoothly. Many of the parents of the contestants were present to cheer on their young hopefuls and these with a large delegation from the various schools filled the grandstand and stood along the side of the course. The Swinerton Cup, for which the young athletes were striving, was again won by the Central School by a large margin with High School second, and University School third. It did us a lot of good to again get the best of our old rivals, the University School, as they expected to take everything away from us. Of course we could not expect to win the cup as we could only enter in the open events (which do not count in the scoring) and in those for boys under 16; but in every event in which High School boys took part, with the exception of the bike race, in which Thomas was forced to give up on account of having lost his chain, the yellow and black took either first or second place. Following last year's plan the broad jumping was called off on Friday, May 22nd, after school. In the under 16 event, Clark of High School, took second place with a jump of 16 feet 5 inches, while in the open event three High School boys were at the head of the list—Spragge, 18 feet



"Our Hockey Girls." Inter-Collegiate Champions of B. C., 1908.

— Photo by Skene Lowe.

6 1-2 inches, Carss 18 feet 1-2 inch, and McInnes 17 feet. The first event on Tuesday was the 100 yards open, which was won by Carss with Green second. Time, 11 flat. In the next event, the 100 yards under 16, Clarke was second, being beaten by Brewster of Central. McDonald took third place. The 220 yards open, the next event in which High School was represented, was won by Brown of the University School, Carss and Holmes of High School second and third respectively. Then came another High School triumph in the 220 under 16, Clarke breasting the tape first, with Dixon (Central) second, and McDonald (High School) third. Brown of University won the half-mile open in beautiful style, with Holmes and Carss second and third. The relay race under 16 was won by Central much to our sorrow, although we were somewhat consoled with second place. The High School Relay team was composed of Clarke, Boggs, Scott and McDonald. The high jumping was the next event on the programme and again a distinct triumph for the Yellow and Black was registered, H. Boggs winning the under 16 event and Ben Erb the open. The height in both these events was 4 feet 9 inches. The sack race was won by "Agnes" McInnes, who thus closed the day with a High School triumph. During the afternoon a seven-mile Marathon race was run which was won by Baylis with L. Beckwith a close second. Taken all round the event was a marked success and reflects great credit on those who had it in charge.

PERSONALS.

We always thought that Bannerman was the tallest boy in the school, but he has a rival, if we are to believe the young gentlemen who, when speaking of the fence around the new lacrosse grounds, said: "It's about twenty feet high; I can just reach the top with the tips of my fingers.

We were very surprised to learn the other day from Cl-r-e that Herpicide is a good cure for bald hair. We wonder when his hair will become bald.

It seems to be quite the thing these days for young gentlemen of the High School to carry a glove in the inside coat pocket. One young man who is addicted to this solemnly states that he doesn't know who the owner of the one he carries is. We wonder!

It is whispered that one of the students who is noted for his influence with wild animals, especially lions, was seen on both Monday and Tuesday evenings piloting two young ladies around. Have a care, young man, lest you become so popular with the fair sex as to make us poor common-place fellows jealous.

A number of former students of the school will give an entertainment on Friday, June 26th, to take the form of a play. The play selected is a translation of "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perichon." Having seen the play when it was presented some few years ago, we are able to guarantee that it is an interesting and mirth-provoking one. The plot is as follows:

Perichon, a carriage-builder of Paris, goes on his first trip to Switzerland, together with his wife and daughter Henrietta. They travel in company with Armand Desroches and Daniel Savary, who are both in love with Mlle. Perichon. After many mishaps in Switzerland they return to Paris, where Perichon is challenged to a duel by Major Mathieu. After many amusing incidents, the play ends by Perichon giving his daughter's hand to Desroches.

Those who will take part are the Misses Mowat, Pottinger and Cameron, and Messrs. Rogers, Clearihue, Wood, Marchant, Finch and Brown.

AN ILLUSION.

Tomorrow never comes. Although yesterday today was to-morrow, and to-morrow will be yesterday, nevertheless yesterday to-morrow would be day after to-morrow, because today would be to-morrow yesterday, and to-morrow will be today to-morrow, or would have been the day after to-morrow yesterday.

Arc
LH3
C3

MERCANTILE DIRECTORY

GO TO

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McCANDLESS BROS. & CATHCART..	" Boots, Shoes.
STANDARD STATIONERY	" Stationery.
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DR. LEWIS HALL	" Dentistry.
A. A. CLAYTON	" Jewellery and repairs.

JUNE 26

Have you heard about it? If not, let us tell you about it.

U=NEED=A TICKET

FOR THE

Four Act Comedy, "Monsieur Perrichon," presented by the
Victoria College Alumni Society.

WHEN?

Friday, June 26, 1908 at 8:15 P. M.

WHERE?

ASSEMBLY HALL, VICTORIA COLLEGE.

HOW MUCH?

Twenty=Five Cents.

FOR WHAT?

MUSIC, THEATRICALS AND LAUGHTER.

COME ONE!

COME ALL!

